"THE NORTHWEST EYES"

A Wang Foo Story by Sydney C. Partridge

AND you are quite certain that no papers or documents of any kind, by which he might be identified, were found on him?" inquired Sir Rutherford Cockrill, British consul at Shanghai, of Inspector Joseph McArthur of the police.

"Nothing whatever, sir, though the native sergeant searched every rag on his body."

(The foregoing question and answer had reference to a mysterious murder in the settlement, the solution of which was at present baffling the minds of the authorities. The body of a coolie had been found, very early in the morning, in the courtyard of the consulate, where it had apparently been thrown over the rear wall on the edge of the river. It bore no marks of violence whatever except a deep triangular wound right in the center of the forehead, such as would have been made by a bayonet thrust, and the opinion of the surgeon who made the examination was that he had been killed only a very few hours before.)

"And this card which was found in the split bamboo by his hand," said the consul, as he examined it carefully with his eyeglasses, "you think was intended as a warning to the native officers to keep out of the case?"

"Most likely, sir. You see that's their way of using all kinds of superstitious scares to avoid being caught. There's nothing on it but just:

BEWARE OF
THE NORTHWEST EYES!

Now that may mean anything, or everything—or nothing, but I take it for granted that it's a warning to the living, sir, not only to beware of doing what the dead man did, but also to ask no questions."

"Ah! I understand," said Sir Rutherford thoughtfully, "there is evidently then some person or organization of this name that sways a rod of terror in our midst, and this cruel deed is an act of vengeance on their part?"

"That's what it certainly looks like, sir."

"But what do you suppose was their object in throwing the body into the consulate yard? The coolie was certainly not in our employ. Every one down to the gardeners has had a look at him and they are all quite positive that they never saw his face before."

"Well, that may be true," smiled the inspector, "and it may not. You know how afraid they are of saving or doing anything that may get them into the courts. It may be a general warning to Europeans, given to you as their official representative, or it may be—which is much more likely—some mysterious thing right inside their own native circle here which we don't know anything about. As my deputy says, 'They're as secretive as cats,' though my own private observation is that a cat hasn't anything on a Chinaman when it comes to secrecy. Why I remember a case in Hongkong of a secret order of this kind, where they actually found the meetings were held in the consul's own kitchen, sir, right under his very nose, and he never even dreaming of such a thing!"

"Well, how did they discover it?"

"Oh, there's only one man who ferrets out that sore of game, when every one else fails, and that's our friend, Mr. Wang Foo, sir."

"Quite so, quite so. We may have to send for him yet, but in the meantime, we will go quietly to work ourselves to try and unravel it. And I think, inspector, that I'll just step around to the News office and pass the word to the editor that for the present I don't want a word about it to get into the papers."

"Right you are, sir; we don't want those fellows to be blocking our way right at the outset."

"And as for the card, I'll just tuck that carefully away in my private safe," added Sir Rutherford, as he drew from his pocket a bunch of keys and started to open the little steel door in his office wall.

"Better put the bamboo arrow away along with it, sir, if you don't mind the suggestion," said the officer as he rose to depart. "You never can tell how useful these little objects may prove later on!"

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THE old Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship Malacca was reeling off her usual number of knots along by the Loo Shoo Islands, taking it "fair and easy," as the skipper says, and planning to drop her anchor off the Shanghai bar about daylight in the morning. The number of through passengers on her list was not very heavy, for the tide of travel at that season, as every one in the far east knows, flows homeward toward England, and not outward toward China. In a little group in the corner of the music room were two well-known faces, and with them a third, who, while evidently in the same business with his older companions, was evidently a "griffin" (or "new hand"), as young gentlemen of his class are popularly called. Messrs. Allston and Peterson were both of them tea-tasters and Beveryly Allston, the third member of the party and the promising son of the first-named, was coming out for the purpose of trying his hand at this very important and lucrative occupation, after a thorough preliminary training in the London office.

The work of a "tea-taster" is by no means the simple thing that the ordinary and untutored public imagines it to be, or exists in the minds of the hundreds of old spinsters at home, who sip the delicious beverage every afternoon of their lives. These men are carefully chosen from among experts in the business and receive some of the very highest salaries paid in the orient. To be sure, they work six months out of the year and the rest of the time you may find them at their clubs in Pall Mall, where they amuse themselves and rest up for the next season's duties. They leave England about the middle of March and reach China in ample time for the opening of the tea season in the early part of May. For some sixty days they devote themselves absolutely to their profession, and then, when the last crop has come in, they make their way leisurely home again, generally by the way of Japan and Vancouver, to avoid the summer heat in the Indian ocean. All indulgences in the way of tobacco, wines or spirits are supposed to be tabooed "east of Suez"—even though Kipling does sing so seductively of that region "where a man can have a thirst"—for nothing, even ordinary toilet water or perfumery, must interfere with the taste and odor of the delicate and fragrant leaves.

The entire five senses are used in the selecting process. The tea is examined with magnifying glasses, it is smelled, tasted, carefully felt with the fingers in the palm of the hands and finally listened to with the ear as the roasted leaves are crackled between the thumb and finger. The room where the tasting is done is scrupulously neat, the walls and ceiling are painted a creamy white, and the light is thrown down on the tables by slanting boards outside the windows, which the ignorant and innocent tourist takes to be awnings or windshields.

"Well, now I understand for the first time why you gentlemen are so gallant to us ladies and why you are willing to forego the charms of the smoking room for our society," said Miss Emily Kingman, after Mr. Peterson had delivered an interesting address on the above subject to his little group of fellow passengers. "It isn't that you really want to be with us so much as that you have to be away from the 'vile weed' and its users! Well, of all the negative compliments I ever received in my life, I think that is the limit. If I had known that before I opened the piano, I wouldn't have bored you with my music," and, swinging the revolving stool around, she slammed down the cover of the instrument and, seizing her wrap, jumped up and started for the door. She hardly had her hand upon the brass knob, when young Allston rose and rushed after her.

"My dear Miss Kingman," he said, as she walked rapidly aft along the promenade deck, "you really musn't take it that way. Your sweet voice alone would be enough at any time to empty the smoking room, don't you know that?"

"Oh! Is that so? Well, thank you very much——" evidently not objecting to his company, though she didn't appear to appreciate his consolation—"but musical artists, as a rule, don't care to appear before compulsory audiences."

She walked the whole length of the deck and then turned around and walked briskly back again before he ventured to continue. He made a brave effort and it was crowned with partial success.

"I hope you are going to stay long enough in Shanghai for me to have the pleasure of hearing you sing again. Of course, father and Mr. Peterson are going on to Hankow for the season, but I shall be right here at the Jardine Co.'s office, you know. There really is something in your voice that is quite unusual——"

They stopped for a moment and both looked over the rail at the phosphorescent waters. What is that mystic something in its sparkling beauty that always seems to bring us to our better selves and soothes every wounded feeling? We all of us have felt its fascination and yielded to its spell. And so Miss Kingman felt it—she just couldn't help it—and in a moment she was her own sweet self again, and, turning to her companion, said, "Well, if you really care to hear it again during the two months I am in the Shall it be told to the honorable guests who ask, or doth the master wish us to remain in precious ignorance?"

"Simply say, to one and all, the lord of the mansion is not within."

So at daylight on Thursday morning Wang Foo was "rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Arrived at the northern port, he made his way to the old basket-maker's home, where he received his usual cordial welcome from all the household, and promptly next morning started out for Inspector McArthur's office.

"Glad to welcome you again to Shanghai!" said the chief, as he rose and gave him a most cordial handshake. "We always have to send for you, Mr. Wang, when we get into these native troubles, and you certainly are most kind in coming up to help us out."

HE HAD BEEN KILLED ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE.

"My services are always at the department's disposal," was the gracious answer as he accepted the inspector's offer of a cheroot and a comfortable chair "You know the sages used to say that 'he who lifts his brother's burden brightens up the path of life.' Now let me see if I cannot help to lift off some of yours."

So, over the green baize office table the two guardians of the peace and welfare of the eastern ports discussed the question of the "Secret Order of the Northwest Eyes" and its mysterious doings. Wang Foo, who became more and more deeply interested as the English officer unfolded the facts to him, inquired first of all whether they had any further manifestations of the society's doings than the mere card that was thrown over the consul's wall.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "there are two—I may say three—other very interesting and rather perplexing things, and the perplexing part is, let me say right here, that they all seem to come from Europeans and not one of them from the Chinese!"

"And what are they, pray?"

"Well, first is the fact that when Lady Cockrill came down to breakfast the other morning she found in her morning mail another card, bearing exactly the same words as the one that was found in the court. It naturally made her a little nervous at first, but being a sensible woman, she laughed it off and concluded to treat the whole thing as a joke, probably from one of her lady friends.

"Did she know of the other card found on the coolie's body?"

"Very fortunately, no; the consul had been very careful to conceal that fact from her."

"Well, what next?"

"Why, when Capt. McWilliams of the Gladiator had a little row with his rickashaw coolie on the Bund yesterday, and in a moment of excitement hit him a few whacks over the head with his cane—of course stirring up an immediate crowd—his hat fell off and rolled into the gutter, and when he picked it up again, why lo! and behold! the card was in it, and he swears it was empty before!"

"The card—what card?"

"Why, the same old card with 'Beware of the Northwest Eyes' on it."

"Wait a moment till I note that down, please," and Wang Foo wrote rapidly in the little notebook which had figured in the detection of so many crimes. "All ready, now, 'what next, please,' as the clerks all say in your English stores."

"Why, the next is stranger yet, and I only happened to hear of it incidentally last night. It seems that a young lady arriving at the P. & O. wharf handed her card to a fellow passenger, and when he looked at it afterwards he found the same words on it!"

"Just let me get that down, too, please."

"Of course she was just out from home, and being a very bright and attractive lady—my wife and I heard her sing and play at the music school's reception yesterday—why, he naturally thought it was some kind of a new slang phrase from America or somewhere and he hinged to some fortune telling game like 'Look out for the girl with the nut-brown eyes,' or something of that kind, don't you see?"

"And how did you happen to get ahold of this? Did he come to headquarters and place a complaint with you?"

"Oh, bless you, no, I just was a-sitting beside him at the reception and I saw him hand it over to an American lady and ask her, 'Say, do you know what that little joke means in the states?'"

"And what was her answer?"

"Why, she just said, as she thought it over for a moment, 'That's a new one on me. You see I've been out here in the east two whole years now, and American slang changes a mighty lot in all that time."

"And, now," remarked Wang Foo, as he closed the little book, "I think that is all I care for today; the next thing in order will be for me to 'study the cards,' as I believe you gentlemen say to each other at the club. You have the captain's, have you not, the consul has the other two, and possibly we may be able to induce Mr. Allston to part for a while with the fourth."

The inspector smiled and, handing over the white pasteboard to his visitor, said, "Mr. Wang, you're a wit as well as a genius. Well, here's the jack, the consul of course holds the king and the ace, and I think the young man holds the queen!"

"Four honors! And now it's my music school, perhaps I may give you a chance."

"A chance won't do—I want a definite promise."

"Well, as we are a pair of little 'griffins,' both of us, and entirely apart from the rest of the company, I suppose we shall have to stand by each other, so young Mr. Tea-Taster, of Jardine & Co.'s office—here's your promise!"

* * * *

IN the excitement of the landing and parting at the wharf the next morning the saying of "good-byes" was almost impossible. In fact, they would all have had to take the intention for the deed, had not young Allston's coolie, in his effort to dodge the bamboo of a native policeman, locked his wheel right in with Miss Kingman's. The disentanglement gave him just time enough to reach over to her little carriage, and, though he nearly upset them both in the effort, he seized her hand and said, "Not good-bye, but au revoir, and don't forget the promise!"

She tried to hand him her card, but it slipped out of her fingers and dropped out into the roadway. "Never mind; never mind!" he cried after her disappearing jinrikisha. "I'll pick it up! I'll pick it up!" And, poking his runner in the back with his umbrella, he said "Man, man (slow, stop) go catchee dat paper lady have makee drop!" The coolie put down the shafts and, hurrying back, picked up the card and placed it in his master's hands. Young Allston rubbed off the mud and saw, to his utter astonishment, that it contained neither name nor address, but simply these mysterious words:

BEWARE OF
THE NORTHWEST EYES!

After a long conversation with Deputy O'Keefe at headquarters, Inspector McArthur had about come to the conclusion that the mystery of the secret organization was something that was beyond the European mind to satisfactorily solve, and so, with the approval of Sir Rutherford, H. B. M. consul, he decided to cable to Hongkong for Wang Foo, and to put the whole case in his hands.

Sitting in the "Glade of Quiet Reflection," as the great detective loved to call his little upper room at No. 5-5-5 in the Red Cloud alley, Wang Foo, the detector of crime, heard a loud knocking at the outer gate, and the startling cry "Tien pao lai! Tein Pao Lai!" ("The lightning-message has come! The lightning-message has come!" i. e., telegram). Old Chang hastened to unbar the gate, and, receiving the message at the coolie's hand, hurried upstairs with it to his sovereign lord. The little piece of yellow paper contained the following words:

"Inspectorate of Police,
"Shanghai.

"Wang Foo, 5-5-5 Red Cloud alley, Hongkong:

"Serious crime here connected with secret organization. Can you come and assist the department?" Answer.

"McARTHUR."

He immediately wrote out a reply and took it himself later to the office.

He picked up the daily paper and, glancing at the column of proposed sailings for the north, said to himself: "Let me see, there doesn't appear to be anything until the day after tomorrow. The French mail leaves at daylight Thursday, I think that will have to do." After signing the receipt for the message-coolie and ordering old Chang to give him a cup of hot tea, a smoke and a handful of brass cash often forgotten by the Europeans, who consequently are accused of meanness, Wang Foo summoned the aged matron of the establishment.

"Venerable grand one," he said, "I am going away again to the upper sea" (Shanghai).

"The elder born speaketh well!" was the dutiful answer. "When does the august departure take place?"

"After the morrow at sunrise, but everything must be ready on the brighting day (tomorrow), for I go aboard the ship in the evening."

"It is already done as the master wishes. May the fire-wheel boat (steamer) be good and strong and may the lucky stars guide it on its way!

WHEN Wang Foo laid the four cards out on the table the next evening and started to examine them minutely, it didn't take his trained eye very long to decide that they were, one and all, the work of the very same person, and that the writer was not a skillful penman. Recalling the inspector's little pleasantry, who had named them "ace, king, queen and jack," he marked them in this way for future reference. He put a tiny "A" in the corner of the first, a "B" in the corner of the second, and a "C" and a "D" on the third and fourth, respectively.

Thus he had four problems before him, viz.:

(1) Who dropped Mr. Allston's card in the street?

(2) Who placed the captain's card in the empty hat?

(3) Who sent the card in the mail to Lady Cockrill?

(4) Who, last and most important of all, threw the card over the consular wall?

Outside of all this, but really underlying it all, and absolutely necessary to any solution, was the greater problem of the criminal or criminals themselves. Who, what and where was the Society of the Northwest Eyes, and why had they killed the coolie and thrown him into the consulate?

The next morning he arose early and excusing himself from the morning meal, put on his official dress of honor and, ordering a sedan with three bearers, set out for the native city to interview his old friend the tao tai (ruler of the circuit) in his ya men, which answered to a very dilapidated city hall.

Down the broad Nanking road, over and across the French concession they hurried, seeming to grow happier and happier as the streets grew narrower and dirtier. Down to the edge of the old canal, over the bridge of the beggars—still in this day and generation swarming with them and with all the loathsome things that go with them—under the double arches of the old city gates, twisting and turning through the tortuous alleys until at last they put down their burden inside the ya men court. His excellency was at home, and after the large red card had been sent in, Wang Foo had but a short time to wait before he was received in the inner sanctum. The attendants were all ordered out and the two conferred for an hour together on the subject of the murder and the mysterious cards that were linked with it. The name and history of every secret society were carefully gone over, but nothing gave a clue to the "Northwest Eyes."

"Shi tzi yang jin tze shi tsing, poo kwai pen ti jin," said his excellency ("It is unquestionably the affair of the ocean man, the native son of the earth is not in it," i.e., "it is entirely European, not Chinese"), as he bowed his distinguished visitor out to his sedan.

Instead of returning straight to his room, he ordered the bearers to take him to the British consulate. "Sir Rutherford," he said, as the consul bade him be seated in his private office, "there is one leading question I forgot to ask you."

"And what may that be, pray?"

"The arrow that held the card—was it in the coolie's hand, or was it lying by his side?"

"It was really lying a little distance away from him."

"So it might have been thrown in there afterward, might it not?"

"Quite so, Mr. Wang."

"That is all, sir. I must apologize for having disturbed you."

* * * *

ONCE back in his room, he replaced the official dress in the hogskin trunk, and putting on again his light blue gown, sat down and lighted his pipe. Hardly had the first puff of smoke curled upward when he jumped up with a start and in a tone of self-rebuke exclaimed, "I might have saved myself all the trouble and chair-hire of going to the tao tai. Of course, it was the work of a foreigner and not of a native, for no Chinese ever says or writes 'north-west'—he always says and writes it the other way, 'west-north'! Now, my little foreign friend, we will proceed to get after you." And "get after" him he did, with very astonishing results, as the sequel shows.

He took the litle bamboo arrow with him to the leading toy store in the British concession and asked them if they had any like it. "I regret that we haven't a set left in the store; we sold the last one to Lady Cockrill a few weeks ago," said the affable English clerk. Wang Foo started, but said nothing.

Why, after this, did he walk through the consular grounds morning and afternoon and scan the ground and the lawn so carefully? What was it that he picked up and took home under his gown, while no one was looking? Nothing of any possible value—except to him. And why did he say to himself with intense satisfaction that night, "Yes! It belongs to the very same set!" Why, simply in order that he forge another link in the chain that was drawing closer around the guilty one.

And why did he sit for three long days, in the disguise of a vender of cakes, and listen to the boatmen's tales under the Hongkew bridge, and why did he grow confidential and offer to drink with the toughest looking character among them all, and draw out of him a story that made his blood thrill? Why all for the very same reason, namely, that he might ferret out the doings of the Secret Society of the Northwest Eyes and bring their wicked deeds to the light. Now all was ready and he was prepared to expose them to the authorities of justice.

He asked Sir Rutherford to assemble the interested parties in his office and then he began the great denouement. And this was the substance of it all:

First. We cannot expose the personnel and the place of meeting and the doings of this dangerous society, for the simple reason that the society has no existence whatever except in the imagination of the consul and the police!

Second. The coolie who was thrown over the wall was not murdered by any band of revenge, but was killed in a boatman's fight late one night under the bridge near the consulate. Not knowing how to dispose of the body, they concluded that the easiest way to get rid of it was to throw it over into some neighboring yard, which happened to be that of the consul. Ah Ling, the boatman, who stabbed him in the forehead with a boat hook, fell overboard two nights ago and was drawn under by the swift current to a watery grave—so justice cannot lay hands on him.

Third. The card which was found by his side was shot into the yard several hours afterward by another party, and happened to fall by the side of the body; it had no connection whatever with the murder.

Fourth. The card which Mr. Allston's coolie picked up in the mud, and which he thought was Miss Kingman's, was one of a series of four, made out by the culprit, and happened to have been dropped in the street just beyond the wharf.

Fifth. The card which Capt. McWilliams found in his hat was placed there inside the lining (as a joke), while it was hanging on the consular hat rack that morning. While the hat was rolling over into the gutter it fell out from its hiding place, and that accounts for his surprise on finding it where he did.

Sixth. The card which Lady Cockrill found in her mail was tucked away in the package of letters on the breakfast table by the culprit, while the table boy was out in the kitchen.

"And now, who was the culprit, Mr. Wang?" arose in chorus from his listeners, "pray do not keep us any longer in suspense."

"The culprit, ladies and gentlemen, I now have the honor of presenting to you," and reaching under the table, which was covered with a heavy cloth, he cried, waving his hands after the manner of the magicians, "Villain, appear!" and out from under the table, to the utter astonishment of all, crawled the Cockrill's little son Egbert, who stood up and bowed and smiled to the audience!

"He wrote out these four cards, getting the idea from a story in The Boy's Magazine, and thought he would have a little joke on the family with them. He mailed one of them to his dear mamma; he accidentally dropped one in the street; he tucked the third in Capt. McWilliam's hat, and the fourth he shot out of the window at night on one of his toy arrows, intending it to go through the house-boy's open door, but he missed his aim and it landed by the side of the murdered coolie. Such, ladies and gentlemen, is the innocent ending of a story which had a most somber beginning! As the great master said,

"'To shoot the arrow straight and far,
How few there be that do it!'"

The tension on Miss Kingman's nerves had been so great through it all that Mr. Allston had held both her hands till the close, which led Wang Foo to lean over to the inspector and quietly remark:

"You see, as you said in your office,
He still is holding the queen!"

THE RAMBLER TRACES THE HISTORY OF ANALOSTAN ISLAND FROM EARLY DAYS

When the Bit of Land in the Potomac Was Mortgaged to the Branch Bank of the United States—Will of John Carter. Lack of Information on Certain Points About the Island. An Old Book.

THE history of Analostan Island has been traced by the Rambler from the grant to Capt. Randolph Brandt, in 1680, through its ownership by Margaret and Friscis Hammersley, George Mason, his son, George Mason of Gunston Hall, and his son, John Mason of Analostan, to the time when the island passed to the ownership of the Branch Bank of the United States through foreclosure against John Mason. There are several chapters in that history which the Rambler cannot write because the necessary information is not in his possession, but he feels little doubt that he will come upon it.

This is a confession that some writers would not make, because the possession of necessary information is not always required. But the Rambler believes that stories to be of immediate or future value ought to contain at least a few facts, and that the facts should be facts. It ought not to be necessary to write the word "facts" three times in that short sentence, but it often happens that things presented as facts are quite the contrary. Very often some of our best citizens will say "as a matter of fact," or "I know as a fact," or "let me make a statement of fact," or "the facts in the case are," when they are about to present a statement quite the reverse of fact. And that phrase "best citizens" does not satisfy the Rambler's desire for exactness of speech. In the first place, in a grammatical sense, there cannot be more than one best citizen. But we will pass that, for what's the use bothering about such a linguistic refinement when a Chicago educator insists that "He don't" and "It's me" are all right? "Best citizens" is a difficult phrase. What is the standard by which one can measure the relative merits of citizens and give judgment as to who, or which of them, is best? Most good citizens have no press agents and are unknown except to their families and friends.

And there we run into another difficulty in that clause "their families and friends," because a good citizen, or what you and I call a good citizen, generally has only one family, and yet in another sense he may have two—his own and his wife's. It is rare to find a man who is considered a good citizen both by his own and his wife's family.

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Now, if we should write "the best known citizens," instead of "the best citizens," that would not help matters much, because "the best known citizens" are sometimes not really well known, and if they are we might not call them "the best citizens."

"The best citizens" are only known for what they say in public places and not for how they act at home. A man may become one of the best known citizens and be president emeritus of the association for smoking out the devil and transforming the shoulder blades into angels' wings, and yet be ill-natured toward his wife and owe for the gasoline that runs his car.

But, perhaps, as this story professes to deal with the history of Analostan Island, it might be well for the Rambler to return to his text.

In the narrative last Sunday it was told that Gen. John Mason mortgaged the island to the Branch Bank of the United States in 1826, executing a deed of trust to secure his notes in the sum of $28,500. He gave another trust on the island in 1829, to secure his indorsement of notes made by John W. Bronaugh, John Cooke, William Brent, jr., and Edgar McCarty. The island, and the fine home of Gen. John Mason on the island were sold at trustee's sale in 1833. The story of the financial ventures which ruined, or deeply embarrassed Gen. Mason is one of the chapters of this series which the Rambler hopes to write. Analostan Island remained in legal possession of the Branch Bank of the United States until 1842. By a deed signed on August 1, and recorded September 17 of that year, the island passed to John Carter of Georgetown. The deed names Richard Smith of Washington as of the first part; William S. Nichols of Georgetown, of the second part, and John Carter of Georgetown, of the third part. It recites that the president, directors and company of the Bank of the United States had conveyed the island to Richard Smith and his heirs for certain uses, trusts and purposes. The island passed from Smith to Carter, the price being set down as $8,600. The witnesses to the deed were W. E. Crossfield and C. E. Rittenhouse, and acknowledgement was made before Nicholas Callan and William B. Vanzandt, justices of the peace.

The deed of trust executed by Gen. John Mason and his wife, Anna Maria Mason, on November 20, 1829, sets forth that: "Whereas the said John Mason is indebted to said Bank of the United States in sundry sums of money as the endorser of the notes of John W. Bronaugh, John Cooke, Brent and Cooke, William Brent, jr., and Edgar McCarty, and it hath been agreed between the said Bank and the said John Mason that the said John Mason shall give to the said bank as security for the ultimate payment of said debts by executing for this purpose deeds of trust upon the same property for which he has already executed deeds to secure the payment of his own debt proper to the said bank, that is the debt for which said bank holds his own promissory notes, and the said bank has agreed that their officers and agents shall use reasonable endeavor by suit or otherwise to obtain payment of the notes on which said John Mason is endorser for the makers of said notes, before the said John Mason shall be obliged to pay the same or any part thereof."

This trust deed was witnessed by John Threlkeld and John Cox. The deed of John Mason and his wife, turning over the island to "the president, directors and company of the Bank of the United States," in consideration of $5 was signed on the 26th of April, 1833, and recorded June 18. It was signed by Mason and his devoted wife, in the presence of Justices of the Peace John Cox and Edmund Brooke. The first deed of trust executed by John and his wife, Anna Maria Mason, was on December 31, 1825, to Richard Smith, "cashier of the office of discount and deposit of the Bank of the United States at the city of Washington." It was to secure notes for $3,260 $5,100, $2,000, $13,700 and $4,500. The trust was signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of Daniel Bussard and John Cox. Witness to the signature of Richard Smith was Charles W. Forrest.

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Title to Analostan Island rested in John Carter of Georgetown from 1842 until his death in 1850. The Rambler has before him a copy of the will of John Carter, dated November 11, 1844, probated July 2, 1850, and attached to it are two codicils, the first made April 4, 1845, and the second June 19, 1850. Witnesses to the will were E. M. Linthicum and John Marbury, jr. Witnesses to the first codicil were E. M. Linthicum, Matthias Duffey and John Marbury, jr. Witnesses to the second codicil were W. M. Boyce, Dr. Samuel Jackson and Ellen L. Marbury.

It is a long and involved will, and the Rambler takes from it such extracts as are needed to carry along the story of Analostan Island and others which he believes will be of interest to old readers of The Star. In the first paragraph John Carter devises to his wife Eleanor during her natural life the dwelling house and appurtenant thereto, embracing an area of eight acres, "which I purchased of and which was conveyed to me by her brother, John Marbury, trustee of the heirs of David Peter, deceased." He leaves to his wife for her lifetime, all his "plate, house linen, china, glass, furniture, household goods and books, and the stock of wine and provisions which may be in my said dwelling at the time of my death, and also my carriage and horses." He gives to his wife $1,200 a year "for her yearly maintenance and support, to be paid her in equal sums semi-annually by my trustees." He leaves to his nephews, John Carter Reese and John Carter Marbury, $5,000, "to be paid to them respectively one year after my decease."

This, the Rambler thinks, is an interesting paragraph: "I do hereby manumit, liberate and set free and discharge from slavery and every species of servitude whatever my faithful man Jesse, and all his children—namely, Mourning, Martha and Ellen, and also my woman Jedidah and her son Alfred—their freedom to take effect one year after my decease, and not sooner."

He directs that the executors appropriate $1,000 for the relief of these servants, to be paid them after manumission. He makes over certain property to his friends, John Marbury, Robert P. Dunlop and John Kurtz of Georgetown, and authorizes them to sell certain securities with the consent of his wife Eleanor and "my daughter, Ann E. O'Neal, the wife of Thomas O'Neal, Esquire." He makes provisions for the children of his daughter Ann, should she have any, and, in the event of her dying before her husband, leaves certain trust funds to his nephews, Charles S. Reese and John C. Reese. Although he mentions "executors," he names John Marbury of Georgetown "my sole and only executor."

In the first codicil he revokes the bequest of $5,000 each to his nephews, John Carter Reese and John Carter Marbury, and makes the bequest $2,500 to each. In this codicil he empowers his executor to sell certain lots in Georgetown "other than those appurtenant to my present dwelling"; a tract of land in Alexandria county, District of Columbia, near the Georgetown ferry landing, and bordering on the Alexandria canal and my island called Analostan Island, and apply the proceeds of such sales to the payment of my pecuniary legacies."

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In his third codicil he changes the annuity of his wife from $1,200 to $2,000 a year, and sets free "my servant woman Hannah and her child, and my servant man Carlos, to take effect one year after my decease."

It was John Marbury, executor under this will, who sold Analostan Island to William A. Bradley, and that deed and the Widow Carter's conveyance of her dower interest in the island to Bradley will be presented in a subsequent chapter.

On the Rambler's table is an old book in which there is an entertaining chapter on Analostan Island. It is for the most part a study of the trees, wild flowers and animals on that island, but it also gives a glimpse of the Mason home and family. This book was written by David Baillie Warden, and it was printed at Paris in 1816. Warden's visit to Analostan Island and other places in and around Washington seems to have been in 1813. The title page of the book is inscribed: "A Chorographical and Statistical History of the District of Columbia, the Seat of the General Government of the United States, With Engraved Plans of the District and View of the Capitol." D. B. Warden. Paris. Printed and sold by Smith, Rue Montmorency. To be had also of T. Barrois, foreign seller, No. 11 Quai Voltair, and Delaunay, bookseller, in the Palais Royal. 1816."

A part of the history of this copy of the little book is told in ink on the fly-leaf. The writing follows: "This book has been given by John Werckmuller, living in Paris, to his nephew, John Adolphus Werckmuller of Norfolk, in Virginia. Paris, August 27, 1837." One may wonder who was this John Adolphus Werckmuller of Norfolk and how this little book sent to him from Paris by his uncle came to find a place in the Library of Congress. The Rambler did intend to quote from this book that chapter relating to Analostan Island, but it is getting too late to go into that now, and besides, the Rambler's fingers are beginning to weary and go slow on the typewriter.

Warden's book is dedicated to "Mrs. Custis," and the assumption is that the lady was the wife of John Parke Custis of Arlington. He refers to her as the "favored daughter of the illustrious Washington," which is inaccurate. Here follows the deication to the book:

It may not have escaped your recollection that you kindly honored me with your advice to occupy my leisure hours at Washington in examining the interesting objects of that magnificent situation. You were even pleased to accompany me on some of my excursions and to honor me by an introduction to your relations and friends to whom I feel grateful for valuable and unwearied attentions.

I brought to Paris my notes and collections of plants, minerals and insects which I had not leisure to examine as long as I exercised my public functions. My labors, however, have been of little avail in struggling against fortune to whose capricious empire I have been forced to submit.

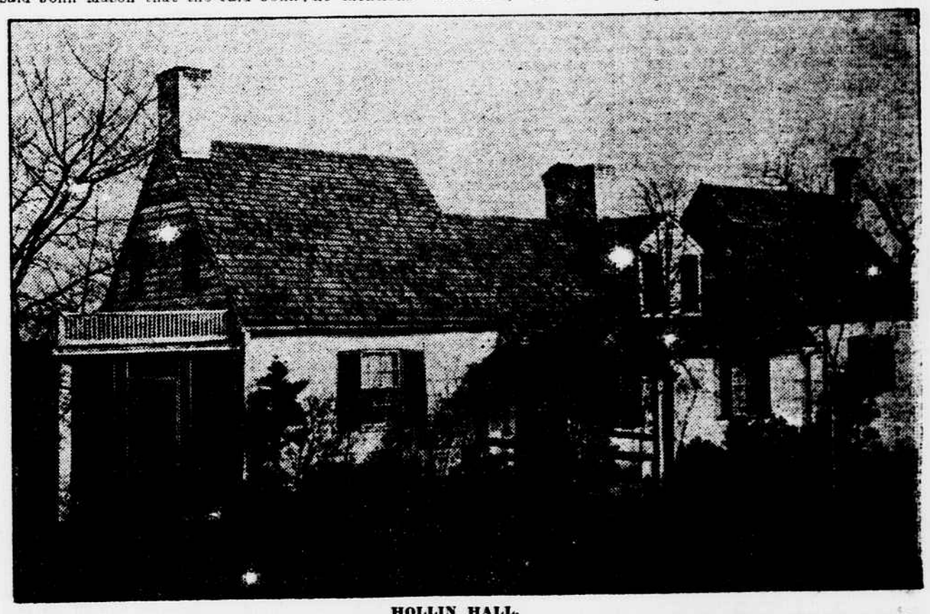
Since the suspension of my consular powers I have occupied myself chiefly with subjects relating to the United States, and I have prepared for your acceptance this sketch of the District of Columbia, which, if I flatter myself, will serve to perpetuate the fond remembrance of the friendship and confidence with which you have so long honored me. I wish it were more worthy of the favored daughter of the illustrious Washington.

I have great regret that the difficulty of communication has prevented me from procuring other specimens of the birds and insects of this District, which would have enabled me to complete the nomenclature of objects of natural history. It will give me pleasure to see this deficiency supplied by another, and the errors into which I have fallen corrected with the same spirit which guided my researches.

A publication of this kind is now called for not only by the citizens of the United States but also by foreigners who, from motives of curiosity and interest, seek minute information concerning the present state of the American metropolis.

Accept, madam, the homage, esteem and respect of

Your truly devoted,
D. B. WARDEN.



HOLLIN HALL.

Hollin Hall, the picture of which is shown in this story, was the home of Thomson Mason, brother of John. It stands near the road to Mount Vernon about a mile east of Wellington, home of Tobias Lear, Washington's secretary, tutor of the Custis children and auditor of the War Department. There is a tradition that Thomson Mason's first home on this site was burned and that the building shown by the picture was the "spinning house" close by the mansion. Thomson Mason took up his residence in this home and it bore the name Hollin Hall for at least a century. This farm and several others that have been added to it are owned by Mrs. H. P. Wilson of Hollin Hall, Washington, New York and San Francisco.

Mrs. Wilson, after occupying this old building for a number of years, has erected on Mount Hilbey, half a mile away, a brick mansion of early colonial architecture, which is one of the great country houses of America. This splendid new mansion has been given the name, Hollin Hall, and the "Hollin Hall" shown by the Rambler, and believed to be the spinning house of the first Hollin Hall, has already come to be called "Old Hollin Hall," or simply "The Old Hall." The story of Hollin Hall and the Buckner Stith home of Mount Hilbey is one that the Rambler will turn to when he has completed a certain line of work to which he has set his hand.

The Cautious Convert.

BISHOP PENGELLEY said at a dinner in Charleston:

"Some men get converted after the manner of Calhoun Clay.

"The Rev. Wash White met Calhoun on Hominy street one afternoon and took him by the arm fraternally.

"'Brudder Cal,' he says, 'arter de sermon Sunday night we's gwine to have a rousin' hallelujah meetin' and burn up yore paraphernalia.'

"'My what, sah?' says Calhoun.

"'Your gamblin' paraphernalia,' explained the minister. 'When a sportin' man gits converted dey allus burns up his kyards and dice, and chips and sech like oniquituous trash in a hallelujah meetin'. De converted gambler he's de fust to staht frowin' de stuff on de fire. He frows roulette wheels and——'

"'Hold on, Rev. White, sah. Not me. None o' dat in mine! I reneges.'

"'But, mah goodness, brudder, you is converted, ain't you?'

"'Yes, sah,' said Cal Clay, 'I's converted, shore, but dat don' make me no blame fool. I tell ye, reverend, I mought backslide and need dat stuff.'"

College Spirit.

SCOTT FITZGERALD, the youthful author, said at a luncheon in New York:

"College spirit is always the same. It is exemplified in the dialogue of the two juniors.

"'What shall we do tonight?' said the first junior.

"'I'll toss up a coin for it,' the second junior answered. 'If it's heads, we'll go to the movies; if it's tails, go to the Palais de la Danse, and if it stands on edge we'll study.'"